

The Examiner

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freemen Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides

VOL. XVI. I

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1866.

NO. 8.

ARCH'D. McNEILL,
Auctioneer, Accountant,
AND
GENERAL AGENT.
OFFICE—Reading Room Building, up stairs
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

F. P. NORTON,
Commission Merchant,
AND
Auctioneer.

GEORGETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND.
October 24, 1864. - 1y

DR. C. L. STRICKLAND,
Surgeon Dentist,
Great George Street,
CHARLOTTETOWN.
April 17, 1865 - 1y

THOMAS KELLY,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE—Queen Street, (over Welch & Owen's)
RESIDENCE—North American Hotel,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.
November 6, 1865 - 6ms.

ROBERT L. WETHERBE,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office over Merchants' Exchange,
156 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.
Sept 11, 1865. 6m

J. S. CARVELL,
AUCTIONEER,
Commission Merchant,
General Agent,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
12th June, 1865. 1st prof

JOHN BELL,
Merchant Tailor,
QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN.
July 24, 1865. 1y

WILLIAM JAKEMAN,
Blacksmith & Farrier,
Old Stand, near Temperance Hall,

HAS REMOVED his business to the
City, and can be consulted at all hours
SUNDAY, on the usual principles.
All kinds of Agricultural Implements pre-
pared at the shortest notice.
WANTED, a person who has had some expe-
rience in Horse Shoeing. Highest wages will be
given.
Charlottetown, August 7, 1865.

J. B. BLACK, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
Summerside, - - - P. E. Island.
Sept. 4, 1864. - 6ms.

A CARD.
WILLIAM S. MACGOWAN,
Commission Merchant
AND
AUCTIONEER,
SOURS EAST.
Souris, May 1, 1865. 1f

MAILS.
MAILS for the neighbouring Provinces
and the UNITED STATES, &c. will until
further notice, be made up and forwarded from
the General Post Office, Charlottetown, every TUES-
DAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY evening, at 8
o'clock.

MAILS for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the
West Indies, will be made up every alternate
THURSDAY and SATURDAY, as follows:
Thursday, Dec. 28. Thursday, Feb. 2.
Saturday, 30. Saturday, 24.
Thursday, Jan. 11, 1866. Thursday, March 8.
Saturday, 13. Saturday, 10.
Thursday, 20. Thursday, 17.
Saturday, 22. Saturday, 19.
Thursday, Feb. 8. Thursday, April 5.
Saturday, 10. Saturday, 7.
L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.
General Post Office, Dec. 29, 1865.

NOTICE.
ALL persons having any legal demands
against the Estate of the late HONORABLE
DONALD BEATON, of Souris, deceased, are request-
ed to present the same, duly attested, within three
months from the date hereof, and within three
months from the date of the publication of this notice,
to the undersigned. Executrix of his WILL,
GLEMONTINA S. BEATON, Executrix.
Souris, 28th Dec. 1865. 4w (Dec. 18)

Executor's Notice.
ALL persons having any demands against
the Estate of the late PATRICK MURPHY,
Jurat, of Charlottetown, are requested to
send in their accounts, duly attested, and all
persons owing the said Estate are required to make
immediate payment to—
THOMAS HENDRICK,
Acting for the Executrix.
Ch'town, Dec. 18, 1865. 4w

Notice.
THE public are hereby notified that the
Business lately existing under the style and
firm of ROSS & RANKIN has this day been dis-
solved by mutual consent. The business will in
future be carried on, as usual, by ALEXANDER
ROSS, who will pay all debts due by late firm, and
who is entitled to receive all claims due from
firm. Dated at Charlottetown, this 11th day of De-
cember, 1865.
ALEX. ROSS,
GEO. H. RANKIN.

Summerside Bank.
AS it is intended to open the SUMMERSIDE
BASE for the transaction of business the first
week in January next, parties who have not al-
ready paid the last call of 20 per cent. are requested
to do so immediately.
Dec. 25, 1865. J. R. GARDNER, President.

Bank of Prince Edward Island.
NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend
of Five Per Cent. per annum on the Capital
Stock of the Bank of Prince Edward Island, for
the last half year, hath been this day declared, and
is payable to stockholders forthwith, on demand.
By WM. CUNDALL, Cashier. (Dec. 18)

UNION BANK, P. E. I.
At a Meeting of the Board of Directors,
held this day, it was Resolved, that a half-
yearly Dividend be declared at the rate of 7 1/2
per cent. on the paid up Capital, for the six months
ending 30th November, and payable on and after
this date.
By order,
JAS. ANDERSON, Cashier.
Ch'town, Dec. 20th, 1865. 4w 1st 1m.

Union Bank Notice.
AFTER the 1st DECEMBER next,
the days of DISCOUNTING at this Bank will
be WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Notes for discount must be left at the Bank
before one o'clock on these days. By order,
JAS. ANDERSON, Cashier.
Ch'town, Nov. 16th, 1865. 6m (Nov. 20)

FOR SALE!
A SUPERB COLUMBUS FARM
situated in the Parish of St. John's, containing
about 100 acres, with a large house, and
other buildings, and a good mill race, and
is situated in a very fertile soil, and is
well adapted for raising stock, and
other agricultural purposes. Apply at
this Office. Ch'town, Dec. 18, 1865. 4w 1f

JOHN BELL

HAVING COMPLETED
HIS IMPORTATIONS
For the Season.

would respectfully invite
INTENDING PURCHASERS
to call at
Bell's Clothing Store,
QUEEN STREET,
AND EXAMINE
THE STOCK,
which comprises
EVERY NOVELTY

FUR & CLOTH CAPS,
Ready-made Clothing,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
&c. &c. &c.

he will be happy to receive the commands of
his Friends and Customers, in Town and
Country, for Garments in any
style of Fashion.
Ch'town, Dec. 18, 1865.

For Sale.
THE Northern Half of TOWN LOT
No. 21, in the First Hundred of Lots in the
City of Charlottetown, situate at the corner of
Prince and King Streets, near the steam
Ferry Wharf, well adapted for business purposes,
or for a private residence. Apply to
JOSEPH BALL,
Morell River, Lot 52, Dec. 18, 1865.

Freehold Farm for Sale.
THERE will be sold by Private Bargain
90 acres of EXCELLENT LAND, situate on
Mitchell River, Lot 54. Six acres have been
ploughed last year, and ready for crop. The Title
and Terms apply to ANGUS McLEOD, Morell
River, or WILLIAM SANDELRSON, Esquire,
Georgetown.
Morell River, Lot 52, Dec. 18, 1865.

LOST.
ON Queen Street, this day, a PURSE,
containing a sum of money. The finder will
be liberally rewarded by leaving it at Mr. Allan
McDonnell's, Queen Street, or at this office.
Ch'town, Nov. 24, 1865.

LITERATURE.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

Hush—hush! the year is dying—
Hark! through old forests dim,
The wailing winds are sighing
Their requiem over him—
In quiet, dead and holy,
He sinks to his repose,
And languidly and slowly
His weary eyelids close.

Now some with tender sadness,
The parting year review;
While others hail with gladness
The coming of the new.
In glad young hearts are swelling
Fresh fountains of delight,
In many a festive dwelling
The Christmas fires are bright.

And stricken ones are weeping
Beside the darkened hearth,
O'er loved and lost one's sleeping
Low in the tranquil earth.
Strange—strange—what hither blightings—
What deeds to startle thought—
Wild, wonderful exhalings
One shout, and year hath wrought!

While we stir the dust of ages,
Time's dreamy realms explore—
Shall out from mould'ring pages
Their quietly written lore—
'T were well to bind this lesson,
For profit on the heart,
'Men only live to hasten,
Like shadows to depart.'

OVER THE WAY.
Gone in her childlike purity
Out from the golden day,
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
Over the silent way.

Over the bosom tenderly
The pearl white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on her cheek so rosy—
Where the softest kind of the sun had been—
Shutting the lids of her eyes within,
The pure lids closed to rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
Twine her sunny hair;
She was so fragile, that love sent down,
From his heavenly gems, that soft, bright crown,
To shade her brow with his own so brown,
Light as the dimpled air.

Gone to sleep with the tender smile
Froze on her silent lips;
By the farewell kiss of her dewy breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel of death,
Like the last fair of a faded wreath
Whom bloom the white frost tips.

Robin,—hushed in your downy bed,
O'er the swaying bough—
Do you miss her voice from your glad nest,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till its velvet lips with the essence wet,
In orient crimson glow?

Rosebud,—under your shady leaf
Hid from the sunny day—
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose lids were heaven to your timid sight?
It is beaming now in a world of light,
Over the starry way?

Hearts,—where the darling's head hath lain,
Held by love's shining ray—
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Brightens the harp in the unknown land?
That she waits for us with the angel band,
Over the starry way?

THE "BEWITCHED" FARM.
IN TWO CHAPTERS.
CHAPTER I.—THE MYSTERIOUS DEPREDACTIONS.
If anybody should find the incidents of the fol-
lowing story hard to believe, I shall set the re-
proach down to the discredit of our modern
novelists, who are fast educating the public into
a foolish undervaluing of reality. They imagine
wonderfully inferior in boldness and
spirit to actual events; and still, by the super-
stition surrounding printer's types, impose them
upon dull readers as daring conceptions. The
result is, that if one relates a bit of real life, its
superiority to fiction becomes a drawback, and
actual occurrences are disbelieved because they
exceed the utmost of what the slow wit can
imagine. I will endeavor, as far as I honestly
can, to keep this astonishing narrative down to the
level of ordinary romance, but in many in-
stances where it may necessarily rise above these
limits, the reader ought to make an effort.

Big Tom Treddock was now, alas, too many
years ago—my school-companion; and when we
parted at the gates of that institution, it was
with a mutual understanding that it was his
destiny to enter the army, with a view to be-
coming a field-marshal in an unusually short
period of time; but, strange to say, he had, in-
stead, quietly married a second cousin, and sub-
sequently settled down in one of the eastern
counties, at a place called Red Hill Grange,
and there betaken himself to practicing gentle-
man-farming on a rather large scale. He had
often written me pressing invitations to visit him
at his farm; and by way, I suppose, of special
temptation, greatly occupied his lively epistles
with exciting accounts of the plentifulness of
game, which I thought slightly inconsistent with
the other descriptions given of heavy crops. But
if he had become an enthusiast on the subject of
artificial composts, and was recklessly sinking a
mint of money in steam-ploughing, I knew he would
also retain a liking for seeking a partridge on a
shot or two after all. Besides, I was a little
curious to know how Treddock had settled down
into married life. I had gone with him, in bygone
years, to the dentist's, and learned from his facial
contortions what it was to have teeth drawn,
when shamponing was first introduced. I had
witnessed his heroic resignation in the awful
hands of the operator; I had, in a word, profited
by his example in a variety of ways, for he was
two years my senior; why, then, should I not
behold what change the marital state had worked
upon him? I wrote, in answer, to his last in-
vitation, saying he might look out for me at the
village railway station on the following Thursday,
by the 11:25 A. M. train. That letter was sent
on the Monday preceding, which, of course, left
plenty of time for a line from him in reply. It
note, however, came. But I did not attach much
importance to that, for I knew that when he
asked me to visit him he really meant it; and as
he was not at all a formal kind of a person, the
idea of assenting to any proposed arrangement
might never have occurred to him. I also had
a slight prior acquaintance with his wife, and I did
not think that any difficulty had arisen in that
quarter. Thursday morning accordingly found me
leaving town in an early train, booked for
Red Hill Station, indulging a pleasant conviction

in my mind, as we whirled along, that Tom
Treddock's handsome red face would be about
the first sight I should see on the platform. But
a second disappointment awaited me, for on
alighting at the little country station to which,
it seemed, I was the only passenger, I neither
found my friend nor any one representing him.
"O yes," said the dapper station-master, lower-
ing the telegraph signal as the whizzing train
again got into motion; "he knew Mr. Treddock
very well. I meant Mr. Treddock at the Grange,
as for they had but one gentleman of that name;
and he and all the rest about there wished there
were more like him. At least everybody did, and
some confounded rascal who had taken a spite
against him for nothing; but it was to be hoped
it would soon be found out who the villain was."

I asked for an explanation—that this latter
rather mysterious statement meant.
"For the last three or four days," answered
my companion, carefully wrapping up a signal-
flag he held in his hand, "all kind of damage has
been done about the farm, and they can't find out
who it is does it. They keep a good watch, but
it's of no use; somehow, they can't light on the
rascal." "Very likely," he added, "that is the
reason Mr. Treddock hasn't come down to the
station to meet you, if he was expecting you."
"No doubt, that was the reason," I said; "and
very sorry I was to hear it; for I felt sure my
friend had done nothing to merit treatment of
that kind."

"It was quite the other way," the station-master
replied; and he went on to give Treddock a
most eulogistic character as he walked along by
my side, kindly insisting on accompanying me
past a certain turn in the road, from whence, he
said, I could see the stacks belonging to the
Grange on the crest of the hill. By and by, they
came into view, and I protested against my com-
panion going any further.
"I only hope the ricks won't be fired," he re-
marked, pointing in the direction of the white
hills on the distant ridge; "that is the dodge
which farmers' enemies generally try. It's so
easy; just a match struck and put into the straw;
and there isn't overmuch water in the Grange
I look for them the first thing every morning
when I get up." I said dolefully, taking a fresh
stare from under his raised hand in the direction
of the stacks.

"Why, there is smoke!" I cried, quite al-
armed, as a thin spiral of vapour went up, the
light sky behind showing it plainly.
"That isn't from a stack, bless you. It doesn't
go up in a curl like that; it is a cloud and a
blaze in a minute, when the straw is once alight,
especially oats. I've seen it twice—once at Dim-
muck's, and then again at the First. That smoke
is from one of the house-cummys, so you'll be
sure not to miss the way. I have a luggage train
due at 11:40, or I would have gone on as far as
the bridge, because I am sure Mr. Treddock
would have come down but for some reason."

I and the gossiping station-master then parted,
he assuring me that my luggage should be brought
up by the porter the minute that subordinate re-
turned from doing some previous errand; and he
added, that he hoped the lad would bring back
better news from the Grange. This curious in-
telligence naturally not a little excited me, and
I hurried along the path which led me through
well-cultivated fields for some three-quarters of
a mile before I gained the top of the hill where the
stacks stood in a cluster, as yet, I could now see,
quite intact from the incendiary's torch. The
large, red-bricked, many-gabled house then came
in sight just below me, and I had merely to cross
a yard, skirted by the out-buildings, to gain it.

"Three more are killed, Nell, and the old ewe
is one of them. John has just carried 'em up
from the bottom meadow." These were the first
ominous words I heard on entering the yard, but
angry as were the tones, I recognized in them my
old friend's cheery voice.
Turning the angle of a barn, I came upon a
little group, the central figure of which was Tom
Treddock, broad and burly looking in his plain,
homely clothes, the very picture of a British agri-
culturist. At his side stood a rather stout, and
somewhat stout young lady, whom I instantly
identified as Mrs. Ellen Treddock; and around
them in different attitudes of amazement, bent a
distinguished man, a boy, and a servant woman.
They were all intently gazing in one direction,
under a cartshed, to be more exact; and as I ap-
proached, unheeded, from behind, I saw that
they were, in wondering fascination, contempla-
ting the carcasses of three sheep lying in a row
under the shed.

"It's just the same sort of a blow, right at
the back of the neck, as I'll others got," said a
second labouring man, whom I now noticed
standing beside the dead sheep, occupied just
then in roughly wiping his readily stained fingers
among the wool, after examining the carcasses in
the region of the head.
"Is more of this villainy going on?" I enquired,
nearing the group.
"Is it you? I am ashamed nobody met you,"
were good Tom Treddock's first words, gripping
my hand as in a vice, and smiling oddly through
his anger and vexation.
"I am sorry you find us in this state. You
must forgive us, Mr. Newcome," explained his
wife, whose eyes I could see were red with cry-
ing; and then, dashing away the tears, she gave
me a greeting almost as hearty as her husband's,
though a hysterical sob diversified it here and
there.

"Come along into the house," interrupted Treddock,
seizing my arm. "Never mind all this
now," he added, glancing at his wife; and then
he went on, turning to his servants: "Go down
to the village, and tell the butcher there are three
more for him to fetch. That's all. We shall
catch the scamp some time."
"You spoke as if you had heard something
about it," added Mrs. Treddock, coming round
to me, and recollecting, as it seemed, my first
words.
"It isn't worth bothering about, now he is
come," said Tom; "and you know," again grasp-
ing my hand, to leave no doubt of the welcome,
"we are very glad to see you, though I was not
at the station."
"But we shall have to tell Mr. Newcome all
about it, to explain why you didn't write back,
and why there was not anybody at the station,"
perceived his wife, before I could answer.
"That's true. Why, the fact is," went on
Tom, coming to a pause in the middle of the
yard, "we were not expecting you. I know you
wouldn't be offended when you understand it. Nelly
thought if I didn't write back you would not
start."
"Yes, but there is a reason for it," hurriedly
put in the lady. "That sounds, Tom, as if I did
not wish for the visit, which you know I did. It
was only because things turned out so after you
sent your letter; and I thought, 'addressing me
'you would not enjoy yourself as we could wish';
and she wound up with a hospitable blush.

"Just so; there is the point," said Treddock;
"but we must laugh at it, Nell. We shan't be
ruined yet; and my old friend here must think
anything that happens is a joke; and the big,
honest fellow pretended to laugh. 'We mustn't
be in the blues, old chap, now you are come,'
and he slapped me on the shoulder. 'You won't
mind going in by the short way, through the
kitchen,' he said, making for the back-door."
"I know about it," I at length got out, in an-
swer to Mrs. Treddock's long question, as we
entered the house. "The man at the railway-
station told me, so I understood a great deal too
well why you were not there to meet me. Have
you had an accident with the window?" I involun-
tarily asked, for at the end of the low, old-fash-
ioned passage we had just entered from the kitchen,
a large easement was partly hanging inwards,
most of the panes in it shattered.

"Oh, it is only one of these jokes that some-
body is playing us. It smashed in just after six
this morning, before it was well light; and Treddock
sent flying some of the fragments of glass
from underfoot with a kick, as he laughed again.
"But it is not shameful, when we have not in-
jured a soul, and would not hurt a hair of any-
body's head," asked his wife, who, womanlike,
could not so easily do without sympathy.
"Would not I? Only let me catch them, and
they shall see! I'll have my joke then as they
are having their now," and Treddock, to relieve his
feelings, knocked open the door of the sitting-
room, which we had just reached, with a blow of
his big fist.

I learned in the course of the conversation
which followed, that these outrageous annoyances
began on the evening of the day on which Treddock
sent me his last invitation, and they had continued
ever since. The first incident was the finding of
three or four geese in the yard dead, with their
heads wholly or partly severed, as if the necks
had been cut by some jagged instrument. On the
following afternoon, the fine mastiff dog, kept
in a kennel at the end of the house, was discover-
ed lying at the full length of his chain, beaten and
bruised in his last gasp. He had been heard
some time before to give two or three sharp
whining barks; and in consequence of the af-
fair of the geese, a servant girl had looked out
instantly. The girl did not, it appeared, then give
any attention to the kennel; and it was not until
some half hour afterwards that a waggoner ob-
served the poor dog stretched on the ground
moaning and bleeding. The animal had to be
shot, to put him out of misery, and the stoppage
was, that he received his injuries at the time he
was heard to bark. It was to be expected that a
second such extraordinary occurrence, following
so closely on the heels of the first, should arouse
the suspicions of the household; and in consequence
of it, Treddock and a man-servant set out that
night on the heath, in anticipation of thieves;
breaking into the house, my friend reasoning that
the getting rid of the watch-dog must indicate an
intention of that kind. But no such attempt
was made; the grey dawn found all safe, and the
man-servant went to his bed. He was, however,
awakened, in less than an hour, to receive the
unpleasant news, that one of the cows was hope-
lessly crippled in the house-field, having two of
its legs, a fore one and a hind one, both on the
same side, broken to splinters. This affair could
not be set down along with the other previous
inconceivable events, for there was neither hole
ditch in thecroft into which it could have fallen;
and, in addition to that, there were bruises on the
skin, showing that the injuries had been inflicted
by blows received from the outside. Its recovery
was out of the question, and the cow had to be
slaughtered. Close search was made for foot-
marks, or for any other clue, and inquiries were
also instituted at the adjoining farms, and down in
the village, whether any suspicious characters
had been seen about the district. No information
pointing to the offender, nor any solution at all of
the mystery, was to be obtained.

About noon on the third day, five sheep were
missed from a flock feeding in one of the meadows,
and they were at length discovered lying scattered
about in a hollow; and in this case, the aid of a
butcher was not required, for they had all been
killed outright, each one by a blow of some blunt
instrument delivered on the back part of the head.
Some what earlier than this, on the day of my ar-
rival, three more sheep (those I had seen under
the shed) had been found in another field, having
been trampled in exactly the same way; and before
this, on the early side of the same morning, the
white household had been startled by the sudden
smashing in of the window I had noticed in ruins.

"Isn't it wicked?" asked Mrs. Treddock in-
dignantly, as she and Tom finished their joint nar-
rative, the latter once more pretending to laugh
the whole affair off. "We have been as kind to
every body as it is possible to be. Thomas gives
the highest wages; Mrs. Jenkins, who lives at
the First, says we give too much; and last Christ-
mas I made twelve gallons of excellent soup for
the poor villagers. Nearly all the skinned wool
is given away to anybody who comes, and we
never turned a beggar back, without either giving
him relief, or else putting them to a light job, if
they were young and strong." The good lady
finished this statement with her handkerchief
pressed to her eyes; nor did I wonder at it, for I
had myself grown as angry in listening to the re-
cital, as she was indignant at the actual events.

"A very nice kind of sport you have come down
for, old friend, and I hope you'll enjoy it; but
we'll try and find some of the other sort as well,
there is but Davies besides them now, and I took
his child some preserves when it had the scarlet-
fever. We have but these three poachers," she
informed me, shaking her head.
"It is a mysterious case like this," said I, "one
just says whatever comes into one's head, without
thinking if it is likely. It can't be any of the
family—I mean any of the servants, or the
labourers on the farm, can it?"

The reproachful look I received from each of
them, and the simultaneous exclamation: "O
dear, no!" which issued from both, as if the idea
of such ingratitude was perfectly incredible, made
me feel ashamed of having hinted at the notion.
"What could it be?" inquired Mrs. Treddock;
and she was beginning to recapitulate the list of
her dependents, with anecdotal instances of the
good disposition of each, no doubt for the pur-
pose of satisfying my wicked conscience; but her
husband, faithful to his plan of making the least

of it, reminded her that she had not yet shown
me the baby. At that mention, she instantly for-
got all the disaster, and hurried away to fetch
the prodigy; he was her first child, and premier
babies are always prodigies.
"It is very queer altogether," said Treddock in
a hollow whisper to me, as soon as we were left
alone, and his face seemed to get quite pallid as
he spoke. "I don't like to bother you about it,
now you have come down for a bit of a run, but
I have done all I could to find it out, and I can't
hit on a trace. See"—and leaning back in his
chair, he elevated his boots, directing attention to
the strong soles—"we have all got nails driven
in that pattern, the girls as well as the men
and the lads, everybody but Nell. I had the vil-
lage shoemaker up on purpose the day before
yesterday."

"In order to know the footprints of those be-
longing to the farm from others?" I asked, for I
saw the rows of superfluous nails were arranged
in a kind of diamond pattern.
"Yes, but I can't find a single footmark; it is
that which staggers me. But Nell is coming
back," he said, as the maternal voice made itself
heard in the distance, talking to baby in the en-
tombing crowsing dialect. "Don't say anything
about her. I try to make nothing of it when we
are talking, but I wish she and the child were at
her mother's. I should not care much what came
then; it would find a match for it." Big Tom
Treddock, I knew, was no coward, but the good
soul was afraid of some mysterious disaster in-
volving his wife and the baby.

"I am very glad I am come down, Tom," I has-
tily answered, "since it is just possible I may help
you. Two heads, they say, are better than one;
and I shall like the sport of hunting out this vil-
lain better than even shooting partridges."
"Thank you, old fellow, murmured Treddock,
with flashing eyes, leaving across the hearth, and
shaking his head. "But let it drop now; she is
here."

CHAPTER II.—THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.
We all retired at an hour earlier than usual,
even for the Grange, owing to our intended hunt-
ing expedition in the morning. Treddock, upon
showing me to my old-fashioned bedroom, placed
a loaded carbine at my bed's head, saying, mildly,
that it was charged only with duck-shot, and as
they would be sure to scatter well, I need not be
afraid of letting fly to it, in case of any emer-
gency arising. He was himself provided in his
chamber, he explained, with a double-barrelled
gun, containing full charges of snapper shot; but
a final allusion he made to the inexplicable ab-
sence of footprints on all occasions, intimated
that he had little hope of the mystery being
solved, even by means of these formidable pre-
parations. All these matters were so different
from the expectations with which I had set out
on my journey, that they were considerably dis-
turbing, and I did not sleep well; more than
once I started up, and stared about the moon-
light chamber, fancying I heard an alarm
raised; but they were half-dreamings of mine;
and when at last I was effectually startled by the
presence of Treddock's white figure at the side
of my bed, in the grey dawn, he informed me
that all was well. On our going down stairs,
this happy prognostication was confirmed by the
sight of the old constable and the young waggoner
peacefully dozing opposite each other, in the
blinking light of a neglected night-lamp, the re-
presentative of the terrors of the law still having
his staff in hand. So far as we could infer, the
only alarm they had experienced was that they
were then undergoing from our sudden entrance
unexpectedly arousing them. A similarly satis-
factory report was received from the man in the
stable, and also from his fellow in the cow-fold,
and a hasty survey of the premises showed us
that all was really safe. The old constable
seemed disposed to take the whole of the credit
of it to himself, at which Treddock only laughed,
and then quite cheerfully conveyed the news up
stairs to his wife. One by one, the servants noted
their appearance, and soon the house was all
asleep. Breakfast was hurried on, and the horses
were ordered to be got ready. The out-door la-
bourers began to arrive, and all seemed delighted
with the satisfactory intelligence that no fur-
ther damage had been done. Inside the house
and out was a scene of merry bustle, and I was
quite entertained by the notice of this early-
morning picture of rural life. Treddock re-
luctantly refused to don his hunting-garb, because I
too could not assume the scarlet; we must keep
a bit in the rear of those in uniform, he said, that
was all the difference it would make. At length,
however, they were told that the horses were ready,
and Mrs. Treddock's pleasant voice from somewhere
at the top of the stairs wished us a good day's
sport. It seemed hardly just to leave the horses
champing their bits, and packing. My friend had
a strong bright bay horse, just suited to his weight,
and the black mare allotted to me, bearing a
slight fear I had that she was rather too fresh for
my riding, looked in capital trim.

"How is it the dog isn't barking? I have not
heard him lately," said Treddock, suddenly paus-
ing, with one foot in the stirrup-iron.
"I heard him when I first went across to the
outlines," said I.
"So did I; but he is quiet now. He can't
have got used to the yard by this time. Go to
the kennel," he added in a careless tone to the
man standing by the horses' heads, and he, at the
same time, shouted for the constable.
"The dog is stiff enough, right at the end of the
chain," shouted the pale-faced ploughman, running
back from the direction of the kennel.
"I felt sure he was," said Treddock, turning a
white visage to me. "Constable, the fresh dog
is done for!" he continued, as that worthy came
blinking up, fresh from before the kitchen fire.
"O me! he canna be! I heard him just now,"
the old man incredulously replied, hobbling away
towards the kennel. We walked our horses on
to that corner, and there, plainly enough to be
seen, the brute lay dead and stark.
"A blow on the head!" asked Treddock, as if
foreseeing the answer.
"Why, his skull is smashed! There's a hole
I could put my three fingers in!" exclaimed the
astonished old man.

"Can you stop at the house with the women
while we are away, constable? We shall be
back soon after noon," remarked Treddock.
"But he is quite warm yet," mechanically
said the constable.
"Do you hear me? Can you stop?" shouted
Treddock, losing temper.
"Yes, I'll stop," was the slow answer.
"And let the men keep about the house. Tell
them to never mind the field-work till I come
back, for I'll go now, if every head of stock on
the place was killed. Only tell them mind mis-
and the child—Come along!" said Treddock to
me, his blood fairly up; and leaping into the

saddle, he pulled his horse round, and dashed
away at a gallop.
"I won't go; we must stop and mind the plover
ourselves," I was intending to say, but I only got
a word or two off it. The mare had dropped
her head, and gradually approached her nose to
the dead dog, and just at that moment she sud-
denly leaped forward, nearly throwing me, for I
had previously mounted. In a sort of frightened
rage, she began to beat the poor animal's remains
with her fore feet, and I had great difficulty in
keeping my seat.
"She's